I care not what, ſo it be wholſome foode.
Gru. What ſay you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis paſſing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate,
How ſay you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What ſay you to a peece of Beefe and Muſtard?
Kate. A diſh that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I but the Muſtard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay then I will not, you ſhall haue the Muſtard
Or elſe you get no Beefe of *Grumio*.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Muſtard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlaue,
Beats him.
That feed'ſt me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my miſerie:
Go get thee gone I ſay.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortenſio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what ſweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Miſtris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy ſpirits, looke cheerefully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſſe thy meate my ſelfe, and bring it thee.
I am ſure ſweet Kate, this kindneſſe merits thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then thou lou'ſt it not:
And all my paines is ſorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this diſh.
Kate. I pray you let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſeruice is repaide with thankes,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you ſir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are to blame:
Come Miſtris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortenſio*, if thou loueſt mee:

Much

Much good do it vnto thy gentl
Kate eate apace; and now my h
Will we returne vnto thy Father
And reuell it as brauely as the be
With ſilken coats and caps, and
With ruffes and Cuffes, and Far
With Scarfes, and fannes, and do
With Amber Bracelets, Beads, a
What haſt thou din'd? The Tail
To decke thy bodie with his ruffl

Enter

Come Tailor, let vs ſee theſe orn

Enter Haberd

Lay forth the Gowne. What new
Fel. Heere is the cap your Wo
Pet. Why this was moulded o
A Veluet diſh: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd a
Why 'tis a cockle or a wallnut-ſhe
A knack, a toy, a tricke, a babies c
Away with it come let me haue a
Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this
And Gentlewomen weare ſuch ca
Pet. When you are gentle, you
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſt.
Kate. Why ſir I truſt I may hau
And ſpeake I will. I am no childe,
Your beaters haue indur'd me ſay
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop y
My tongue will tell the anger of m
Or elſe my heart concealing it wil
And rather then it ſhall, I will be
Euen to the vttermoſt as I pleaſe i
Pet. Why thou ſaieſt true, it is
A cuſtard coffen, a bauble, a ſilken
I loue thee well in that thou lik'ſt
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not
And it I will haue, or I will haue n
Pet. Thy gowne why I: come

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